

Knowledge is Power

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Summary: Knowledge is power. So It's guardians must guard it well as they are thrown into a galaxy full of ignorance.

1. Chapter 1

Ommissah's will was not nimble, graceful or beautiful. It was functional, sparse and cumbersome, it lacked the soaring cathedrals of the imperial ships and the fluid curves of Eldar design. It was a black rectangular lump of Adamantium that had its twenty kilometre sides studded with plasma emitters, macro cannons and launch bays. The only ornamentation you could see was the half organic half machine skull of the Mechnaicus that glittered on its bow and the strip of red paint that ran down its length. It moved with a grace that made ork ships look like they danced through the stars as it pulled out of the orbit of Lucius, its plasma engines spitting and snarling into the void while manoeuvring thrusters hissed.

It was a ship of a class long forgotten by the Mechnaicus, and aside from the massive factory ships it was the biggest vessel they owned. It in its bulk containers that ran along the bottom of the ship it carried three infantry regiments of Skitari and one armoured regiment, and at the rear of the ship it housed the entire might of Legio Iucunditat. Fifty God Machines and thirty Knights called the cavernous hold of the Will home. They stood in rows like guardsmen at a parade, mechanisms clicking as they hibernated. At their head was Iucunditate Diabolus. It was a God amongst Gods, standing so tall it dwarfed the Warhounds, the Reavers and the five Warlords only came up to its shoulder. On one arm a mighty Plasma Annihilator lay dormant and on the other a five barrelled Hellstorm Cannon stood to attention as a tech priest repaired the joint to which it was mounted. Around the bungalow sized cockpit six volcano canons made it look like the Titan was wearing a headdress from a feudal world, while the structure on its back made it look like a walking cathedral. It was not only a symbol of the Legio's might but its command center and the most potent weapon it could bring to bear. It was one of the most potent sights in the fortyâ€first millennium and

all trembled at its holy might.

The same couldn't be said for its Princeps who currently resided on the bridge.

The bridge of _Omnissah's Will_ was as impressive and functional as the rest of the ship. It was circular in shape and dimly lit with a tall arched unlit ceiling giving the impression of being watched. The bridge floor was filled with cogitators which clicked and hummed as the servitors hard wired into interfaces communicated with each other, exchanging data that was vital in keeping the ship running at optimal efficiency. Red robed Techpriests strode through the rows of cogitators with augmentic eyes glowing from under their hoods singing prayers to the machine god while swinging incense balls on brass chains; this spectacle however paled in comparison to the viewscreen. The viewscreen was twenty metres tall and thirty metres wide and made out of the same crystal they used for the navigators chamber making it nigh on indestructible. It was linked via a vapour link to the noosphere allowing it to display any information that was required in an instant, whether that be the ionisation levels within the plasma reactor to the level of stomach acid in an individual servitor. Right now, however it simply showed the high-orbit defences of Lucius and the huge amount of traffic that the forge world produced. Each structure and ship was highlighted with a text box appearing next it showing armour density, reactor outputs and the probability of _Omnissah's will_ surviving an armed encounter with said ship.

The command throne of the bridge was positioned at the very back on the bridge set on a raised podium so the occupant could look over the entire bridge unobstructed. The throne itself was made out of Nalwood, with velvet cushioned back and a small elegant gold goblet on one of the armrests. It looked more like a planetary governor's throne than piece of military equipment, but if you looked close enough the Mechanicus' influence became apparent. The goblet was not filled with a fine wine or some other expensive beverage but a thick viscous white nutritional fluid that was the staple diet of all Mechanicus personal. The velvet cushion had numerous data spikes built into it to allow the commander to link with the ships ancient machine spirit to making it easier to control the ship and to appease the machine spirit. All across the Nalwood frame thousands of optic fibre cables arch towards the occupant of the throne like some sort of giant spider's web with the Princeps at the centre, shimmering every time she moved.

Princeps Senioris Eliza Adolebit of Legio Iucunditat was a small, slight figure and was swallowed by her black robes which contrasted with her pale skin. Her face mirrored this as it was gaunt with thin lips and shallow cheeks; her eyes were brown and intelligent but appeared glazed due to ocular implants. Her shaved head was framed with a mane of fibre optic cables which linked her into the ships MIU unit. She sat with her legs crossed as she leaned back into the chair, uncaring for data spikes as information scrolled in front her eyes, due to the screens implanted into her retinas, while she sipped the nutrient fluid out of the goblet. She was the mistress of the ship, controlling every system with but a flick of her eyes and single thought.

She was also code error shunt.

She did not belong here on the bridge, with its stately pace of life

and almost serene atmosphere exchanging pleasantries with Imperial dignitaries; she belonged on the ground linked to her Titan crushing the enemy underfoot, screaming curses in binary as she became a god of war. She leaned back further and closed her eyes and imagined happier times. She remembered a dessert world covered in violet sand and floating mountains kept airborne due to natural wells of hydrogen encased within the stone, with giant flying reptiles soaring within their peaks. Eliza couldn't remember the world's name but she could remember the scream the void shields made as airborne sand brushed against them, the sight of one of the mountains exploding as it suffered a direct hit from a Deathstike missile, sending flaming rock raining from the heavens and the smell of the reptiles through autosenses as they burnt. However the memory that stood out Eliza was the Enemy; she remembered each detail of them in perfect clarity. Eldar. She had fought Eldar on that world. She remembered the peculiar smell of their sweat as they cooked in their armour in the scorching heat, the taste of their blood as she crushed them under the feet of her Titan like an extension of her own body. The feeling however she savoured most was the feeling of wraithbone as it shattered as she smashed through an Eldar Titan with her Hellstorm cannon, the feeling as the unnaturally smooth material warped and ripped. Then came the orchestra of sounds that came with dying screams of its pilot as he was sent flying from the cockpit and the distant sound of the body meeting the ground with a satisfying thud. It was one of her more pleasant memories, the kind that sent her heart racing.

An alarm reverberated throughout her skull and Eliza reluctantly opened her eyes and looked around the bridge through a haze of data before she turned off her implants with a blink stopping the flow of information that normally scrolled in front of her eyes. Red lights flashed and a siren wailed once more as an armoured screen descended in front of the viewscreen cutting off the light coming from the massive orbital foundries that surrounded Lucius bringing the bridge into darkness lit only by the light coming off the cogitator screens and the glow of augmentic eyes. Tech priests increased their chanting and began to bless each instrument personally while some began to integrate themselves into the ship's systems; the servitor's chatter became more frequent as the ship prepared to enter the warp. Eliza surveyed the scene around her once again through tinted lenses of numbers and equations as she reactivated her implants as she too made the necessary preparations for a warp jump, her body slumped into the command throne as she moved her consciousness from her body and fully integrated her with the ship's systems, leaving her flesh behind.

She moved her mind through information that streamed through the almost endless amount of fibre optic cable and crystal data forms that made the ship's mighty machine spirit. She felt it bristle and growl at her intrusion, but it did not stop her; they were old friends, her and the ship. Most tech adepts could only focus on one system or isolate themselves to one section due to the fact their minds couldn't handle the vast quantity of data. Eliza had seen tech priests who had let their concentration slip for the briefest seconds being dragged away from data ports screaming in binary as molten silicon poured from their eyes, the heat within their own heads melting their cranial implants. Eliza and all other princeps like her where a select few who's brains could cope with the raw data that came with the MIU implant; anyone else would die as soon as they tried to make a link. It was this ability that allowed her to be

truly one with the ship. The hull became her body, the data stacks that lay directly under the bridge became her brain and the multitude of sensors that covered the ship like barnacles became her eyes and ears. She could feel the radiation from the distant star batter against her shields, the feel of data being transported round her body like blood through veins. It was a feeling of complete and utter freedom, seeing the universe through eyes that were off limits for any organic no matter how augmented they were. She was not Eliza Adolebit, the woman with a body that was meant for a person five times younger than her. No, here she was, _Omnissah's Will_, a proud and omnipotent god that flew across the stars destroying anyone who dared challenge her right to soar amongst the heavens; a proud and ancient force that none would dare appose.

Emotions were despised by the Mechanicus; they interfered with the cold clear logic that was the machine and deviated from the plan set down by Emperor made steel. They were considered a weakness by the majority of the Mechanicus, a hormone powered heresy which should be expunged lest they wanted to go down the paths of the Dark Mechanicus. That was one of the many reasons why the members of the Cult Mechanicus underwent emotional suppression which wiped out emotions and replaced them with the cold logic of the machine and closer to the machine god. However this in certain circumstances could be a hindrance in this war torn galaxy; how would logic help you when the very enemies you faced defied the very logic you relied upon, their decisions were based on emotional decisions that logic couldn't decipher let alone counter? Races like the Archenemy or the Eldar either were too steeped in insanity and simply couldn't be understood or had a logic that was so alien to Humans, no matter how augmented, that emotions where simply the most logical choice to rely upon when dealing with these foes. Emotions could perceive the insanity, something which logic could not be relied upon to do and primordial instincts that were wiped out by emotional suppression surgery could give warnings where electronics could not. That was the main reason why the Techpriests and the Skitarii of the forge world of Ryza where allowed to keep their emotions even after becoming inducted into the machine cult. After constant raids and invasions from the Greenskins, the master plasma workers of the forge world learned that logic would not simply work against a race whose very weapons defied reason.

That was why Eliza screamed in machine code when she felt her power being ripped away from her as she was forced back into her flesh body. She opened her eyes and screamed with her flesh voice, her vision swimming with warning messages and damage reports as the noosphere failed. Across the bridge servitors wailed and tech priests chanted in panicked binary as they tried to control the rebelling systems. Cogitators flashed scrap code before they too screamed silently as the machine spirit of _Omnissah's Will_ let lose its pain.

The warp drive was malfunctioning.

Arcs of unnatural lightning wrapped themselves around the ship as the ship's ancient warp drive failed. Rips in reality began to surround the ship, showing the madness of the Empyrean in all its glorious insanity. Gibbering faces and claws reaching out to grab the stricken ship, caressing it's sides and laughing as the vessel began to drift into the warp, manoeuvring thrusters flailing as they lost direction from the bridge. Nearby ships were dragged in with their crews

screaming as they failed to bring up Gellar fields before their ships were ripped apart by daemons and whatever other horror inhabited the realm of insanity.

Perhaps it was ancient an failsafe or Omnissah himself stepped in and reached out to save his servants; either way it didn't matter as Gellar fields erupted around the _Will's_ bulk, burning the daemons away from its Adamantium skin. However it still couldn't resist the siren call of the warp and the ships was dragged into unreality itself tumbling with no direction, the navigator laid unconscious due to piece of metal from an exploding cogitator smashed into his skull, without hope as it flew into the realms of insanity with no telling where or when they would end up

End of Prologue Part 1

2. Chapter 2

Athena was one of the last the planets to be colonized by the UNSC in its latest wave of expansion, making it one of the furthest places from Earth that Humanity had settled, a symbol of how Humanity unified was stronger than ever before. It orbited a Sun in the prime of its ancient life at the exact distance for liquid water to be present and for life to be habitable for Humans; not to mention it was resource rich, covered in grassy plains and sparkling blue oceans teeming with aquatic life ripe for human consumption.

Oh, how mankind had screwed it up.

In 2400 mining corporations descended on Athena like flies to a cow. They covered its surface with automated and manned mining rigs determined to find the minerals, ores and black gold that lay below its crust. At first environmental laws were kept and nobody toed the line but soon corporations became frustrated at the rate which they could extract the recourses with laws keeping them in check. Large sums of money began finding themselves in the pockets of UNSC officials and more people flocked to Athena at the sudden increase of industry. Grassy plains where ploughed and crops were planted in vast quantities and thanks to Athena's warm climate they could be planted all year round. Rich reservoirs of oil which where needed to produce plastics and synthetic fabric ever since Earth's supply had dried up hundreds of years ago where found in the sparkling blue seas of Athena which were quickly tapped and exploited to feed humanities insatiable thirst for this black liquid.

Chemicals poured into the atmosphere from the multitude of factories, chemical plants and oil platforms. They formed poisonous chemical smog that began to fill the atmosphere blocking out the sun with its billowing yellow clouds. Despite this, workers still poured in each one looking for jobs in the planet where according to the rumours a new factory opened every week. Then as soon as it started it ended, farm land that was once green and fertile became lifeless and reduced to a toxic paste due over farming and the high amount of chemicals in the atmosphere. Once full of oil reservoirs began dry and barren and oil platforms were closed down or left where they stood. Their chimneys stopped pouring toxic chemicals into the atmosphere too late to stop the oceans turning acidic. Factories that once stood tall, proud and bustled with life where reduced to little more than empty warehouses as the machinery lay dormant once the oil and the money

had dried up. All that remained were the towering housing blocks that where created to house the six million people who flocked to Athena for work on top of the original two million souls that called Athena home. The rich and the successful had already left Athena's sole city and left the workers, poor and the dispossessed to stay on the planet where it rained acid which could strip a man to his bones in under a minute. The UNSC erected huge bio-domes over the city to stop the cacogenic air out and to stop the rain from dissolving the populace.

This was however enough for the populace of Athena; they wanted to escape the hell hole which there planet had become, they wanted to escape to a planet where a breath of air would not have you writhing in pain, where a glass of water did not kill you and they could see the sun not through smoky glass but rather their own eyes. Protests began forming on the streets, placards and banners held high and voices raised proud and defiant. The local UNSC government sent police to hold back the march and keep media coverage to a minimum, all it took was one nervous new recruit with an itchy finger and a can of pepper spray to turn a peaceful protest into a full blown riot. Looters smashed windows and shops erupted in flames, consuming the precious recycled oxygen. They were fuelled by the insurrection gunfire soon erupted from the crowds and the first casualties from the Athena Civil war. Thanks to the momentum from the insurrection the civil war was no longer restricted to the ground. Above Athena mutiny soon erupted among the ship crews of the planet's defence fleet; captains found their crews storming the bridges or crews found themselves thrown into airlocks and trying to breathe vacuum.

The riots in the city soon slowed down as the fires began to consume the ever precious air faster than the scrubbers could filter the toxic air from the outside. Soon citizens were collapsing in the streets, a lack of oxygen stopping their pursuit of freedom, but the lack of oxygen was not isolated to the rioters; innocent civilians who did not take part in riots found themselves choking in their own homes listening to their children cry as they suffocated. Fire crews with air tanks began rushing to put out the fires while police armed with handcuffs and oxygen masks began the arrests of the rioters while medical crew began to help those who had collapsed due to lack of oxygen. UNSC was declared in control of the planet once more. In space it was a different matter altogether; instead of being of simple task off putting down the insurrectionists it had turned into a full blown space battle. Missiles and MAC rounds filled the space around Athena and soon hulks of destroyed ships filled their number. Captains shouted and crews complied and ships fell to Athena like fallen angels, reduced to flaming wrecks and twisted images of the once powerful ships that could travel the galaxy. The insurrection controlled the space around Athena. The Governor of Athena so glad to regain control of the surface of Athena had to let go once the Insurrection began to threaten to bombard the surface with MAC rounds his last act was to send a message to earth in secret begging the UNSC to respond.

The year is 2520 and the UNSC is sending troops to Athena.

The Halcyon class cruiser Miss Moneypenny flew through Slipspace accompanied by the three Destroyers Furious, Acre and Megalomania and flanked by the two frigates Louisiana and Yorkshire. The escorts for the battle group were invisible to Admiral Christopher Seaborne in the endless blackness of Slipspace, it was completely

different to the inky blackness of space where the dots of stars lit up the dark; here the black was infinite and foreboding. The Admiral looked at the viewscreen in front of him before turning his head to the pedestal beside him.

"How much longer, Sarah?" A hologram flickered before coming into form, showing a woman in her late forties clad in a lab coat made out of shifting data streams and purple light.

"Five minutes shorter since you last asked Admiral. Shall I make a subroutine to give the approximate time till we reach our destination?" Admiral gave a small nod.

"Please, Sarah." The AI gave a small smile and her hologram disappeared and Admiral Seaborne looked in the top corner of the viewscreen where a countdown had appeared, he gave a small moan of disappointment when he notice how much time was left. The Admiral was never a patient man and waiting in Slipspace seemed to aggravate him. There was nothing for him to do, literally nothing unless he wanted to spend his time writing reports or staring into nothingness. The navigation was in the metaphorical hands of Sarah, all the simulations had been done two hours ago and the simulations were never going to run again as the next time they saw realspace it would be the real deal. He was an admiral with nothing to do and time to kill and right now he wanted to go round and slit its throat.

Every civilian he seemed to meet thought that warfare was all guns and action, glory and honour, an image which was reinforced by any overpriced video game. Instead, he seemed to spend all his time was waiting. After fighting for a certain amount of time you began to constantly expect attack; every sound on the ship became a hidden explosive ready to send his crew into depths of space, every blip on the radar became an ambush waiting to happen, every cook was an assassin getting ready to poison his meal (he was never going to that restaurant ever again) and every minute he spent waiting was another minute the enemy could use to plot his downfall. The waiting shredded nerves and kept you awake at night, as you waited to go into what might be your last moments in this world. Some people ended up going mad with the constant tension, they would break at a moment's notice, talking to you rationally one minutem crying on the floor the next, cursing the UNSC, you and reality itself. Other people would use humour to deflect what they were really thinking, always ready with a smile or a witty quip or some crappy joke when really they were falling apart on the inside like an apple rotting from the core outwards. The rest would go hard and began to ignore the rest of world, becoming cold hard killers more like their rifles than anyone else. What category he fell into Christopher was not sure, only that he ninety percent certain he wasn't insane.

A small cough jolted him from his musings and he turned to the source, an officer judging by the uniform, was standing to the left of him carrying a small datapad.

"Sarah wanted you to have this sir, something about keeping you busy."

"Thank youâ€¦" Christopher gave a quick scan of the epaulettes and the name badge, "Lieutenant Collins, you're dismissed." The officer saluted and clicked his heals in the approved navy fashion before marching off. Christopher made a mental note to thank Sarah before

glancing at the slate and instantly rescinding it. The pad was an AOA.

AOA stood for Annual Officer's Assessment and given out to make sure that officers like him were still up to date from anything to drill and dress code to weapon systems and Slipspace calculations. It was universally loathed and many officers found "urgent matters" to delay it for as long as possible before some bureaucrat came chasing after them screeching about regulations. Christopher vaguely remembered his last copy getting lost in waste disposal at their last port stop; or did he chuck it into the fusion reactor somehow? He couldn't remember exactly what happen but suffice to say it vanished off the face of the universe never to be heard from again. He may be bored but he was in no way in hell this bored. He quickly scanned the room and smiled.

"PO Smith?" The petite woman with skin like cinnamon stopped what she was doing and turned to the Admiral with a faint look of surprise on her face.

"Yes Admiral?" Christopher lazily threw the data-slate at her which she caught neatly out of the air.

"If I remember correctly you haven't filled out your AOA for this year have you?" PO Smith now looked at the datapad with some trepidation, "Why don't you put that away somewhere so you can do it after this mission is over." PO Collins face tried to smile but it ended up as a grimace.

"Thank you sir." She clicked her heels in the approved Navy fashion before walking off. While the Admiral inwardly smirked now all he had to do was hurry up and wait.

All around, spacetime flows and exists, through it making the universe and reality which we perceive. Every race, no matter how old or young, would eventually stop and stare at the stars and wonder what kept it working. Eventually they would learn that nothing kept it working, the world that we see is pure chaos. Atoms collide and smash into each other to form the giant infernos that are stars, within these atoms a multitude of particles vibrate and sing to make each element unique. The galaxies spin and collide with each other sending out huge waves of destructive force as two immeasurable constructs send stars and planets flying. Slipspace was different; it stood outside the known universe, with different laws and physics. To the human eye it appeared as an unfaltering black, as light could not exist in that other dimension. That is why when a small point of light appeared in its inky depths reality within Slipspace crumbled. For a brief moment Slipspace became hell, gibbering faces bulged and laughed while beings fought each other on planes that defied reason and comprehension. Mighty fortresses made of black iron which wept blood constantly from cracks and windows, with monsters on the ramparts throwing themselves into the endless melee at the bottom. Flies the size of dogs flew through the sky, releasing plagues that could wipe out humanity in minutes over the throng while huge metal beats charged through the ranks of the soldiers, trampling all under foot. Immense, bloated husks of beings strode through the combat, the ground beneath them rotting and weltering. The creatures they touched screamed as their flesh transformed, blisters and lesions forming on their skins and slowly reducing them to a pile of mould that still screamed in agony. And through the din of battle, over the screams of

the fallen, the mucus ridden laugh of the diseased covered beings and the deafening howl of the metal beats, a sound eclipsed them all. It was the sound of screaming, a voice so pure, so noble was screaming at the top of his lungs in complete and utter agony.

As soon as it arrived it hell disappeared to replaced with the normal calm of Slipspace however it had existed long enough for its effects to be felt.

On the bridge of Miss Money Penny Admiral Christopher Seaborne still smirked inwardly as he watched PO Smith skulk away, dejectedly clutching the AOA at her side. He chuckled quietly under his breath as remembered a time when he was the Junior officer stuck doing some random AOA a captain had just landed him with. He felt a touch of sympathy for her and was about to call her back and take the AOA off her when he doubled over in pain. The crew on the bridge noticed the CO in pain and started to flock around him asking for a medic and if he was well, the Admiral said nothing as he started to violently cough, someone suggested that he should sit down or maybe even lie down. The Admiral just shook his head.

"I'm fine" he spluttered before coughing blood onto the deck, the crew jumped back and recoiled horror and someone screamed.

The blood had maggots in it.

Christopher Seaborne suddenly stood ramrod straight and threw his arms back before he violently exploded, showering the crew in his blood and the fat black maggots that had been feasting on him from the inside out. PO Smith screamed as one of the maggots landed on her arm and began to burrow into her flesh, she continued to howl as her skin erupted into blister and sores which began to leak thick black pus. Her features sagged as her skin rotted and expanded, her eyes melting and running down her decaying face like tears while her fingers fused together and elongated, finger nails slowly growing, turning into chipped talons. A bulge began to form on her forehead and a horn exploded outwards along with a new bloodshot eye growing where her nose used to be, a thick tongue forced its way through her mouth cutting off her screams as it dislocated her jaw and forcing rotting teeth outwards. On the deck the rest of the crew went through similar transformations turning into bloated husks of their former selves their bodies filing up with every disease known to daemon kind.

The think that had been PO Smith giggled through a lolling tongue as it left the bridge, it laughed as it smashed the skull of a nearby marine into pieces and blew into hysteric as the body of the marine got back up, the dead body animated by one of the many plagues that was now stored in its body. The daemon which know inhabited PO Smith's body had only one purpose now which was to spread the gift of Grandfather Nurgle to all mortals, so that they may experience the same joy as she, but now they would start on the rest of the ships in the fleet.

****End of Prologue Pt 2 ****

****Only one more part to go. ****

****Thanks for all your reviews please keep them coming. ****

3. Chapter 3

Space was vast and hostile. The very vacuum of space kills organics in the most painful death that is imaginable outside the heads of twisted gods and the hands of foul daemons. Once a person enters space with no protection your blood begins to boil as there is no pressure keeping the constitutional parts together resulting in gases filling the gaps where liquid is supposed to rain supreme. This causes for all blood vessels to rupture simultaneously. The lungs expand as the air inside them is pulled out from without causing them to swell and pull at their restrictions making them burst out of the ribcage or force themselves out through the mouth like a twisted version of a butterfly emerging from a cocoon. Then the water in every cell of the body evaporates simultaneously making sure every cell presses against every nerve in the body making sure that you spend the very last seconds of your existence in complete and utter agony before your body explodes. Then all the remains of your mortal form would then be ripped apart by the merciless vacuum making sure no traces of your existence would remain.

However even if you left traces of your existence who would find them. Space is big. You can wrap it anyway you liked but that is what it is. It just happens that it is on a scale no organic can comprehend or imagine, to do is to be insane. Holy Terra the cradle of mankind at its furthest distance from the sun is a hundred and fifty two kilometres from the sun and the solar system itself is two thousand times that number. In the Milky Way there is estimated to be four hundred billion stars and it is also estimated that there is a further five hundred billion galaxies in the current universe. Each could contain more or less stars than humanities home galaxy each could contain more less planets in their own individual solar systems and each had the possibility of life. The chance of any one race seeing everything from their home world was pathetically small. Not to mention every race wanted to see another sentient race, whether to know they were not alone or to use as a focus to stop citizens from worrying about their own problems.

With that in mind every race built ships to traverse the endless and infinitely hostile void that separates us from the universe. They varied in shape and design each one unique and beautiful. The utilitarian design of the UNSC each designed to be on the attack with bulldog like design they attacked in packs tiring the enemy down by slowly chipping down their defences. Eldar ships almost looked like ships of ancient time that once sailed on oceans with proud solar sails, the stalked the stars like unseen predators waiting for the perfect time to strike. However all ships had the same underlying purpose to explore, reach new worlds and to expand the depths of knowledge.

Soon Sentient races began to expand into their respective galaxies doing whatever was in there power to further increase their expansion. The Eldar annihilated whatever was in their reach, slowly becoming the advanced race in the galaxy with technology so advanced it represented magic to outsiders, building entire cities with the power contained within their voices making an age full of enlightenment for themselves and themselves alone. Humanity however discovered technologies so advanced that it boggled the mind and thanks to the discovery of Slipspace it became to erupt into the cosmos. Bringing with them trade and new worlds too help relieve the

over populated earth kick starting a new age of relative piece. People started to think that space had become domesticated ,a commodity that had begun to loose some of the grandeur that it had in the twenty first century.

Space still had surprises left in store.

In the endless voids that was deep space ,far away from any planet or star something strange had begin to form. A point of purple light had begun to grow and expand, pulsating like a tumour in the edge of reality. Arcs of unnatural energy began to spiral of the single point leaving trails of ice in their wake which quickly evaporated in the heat given off by expanding warp point. Reality began to ripple and distort, with faces pressing against reality screaming into the void with mouths full of needle like teeth. Then suddenly the warp portal exploded, lightening thousands of kilometres long arched off from the ball of blood red light that was brighter than any sun. From depths of the warp hands began to reach out trying to grasp on reality, if space hadn't been a vacuum you would had been able to hear the endless screaming, the constant sounds of an unending battle and the laughter of the thirsting gods.

Then all of reality shattered.

_Omnissah's Will _ smashed through in real space like a brick through a window, turning end over end surround by the halo of failing Gellar fields ,_Omnissah's will_ was flung around like a stone in a hurricane. Automatic thrusters tried in vain to keep the craft on a straight and controlled path as the ancient ship was buffeted by unholy power of the remaining warp currents. The demonic faces that pressed against reality began to recede and the hands lost their grip on reality, the void was filled with constant screams of frustration and anguish as the demonic forces where denied there gateway to the mortal realm. Leaving the ship hurtling through space, trailing with warp detritus with manoeuvring thrusters fighting a losing battle as they all fired continuously trying to keep the ship stable. Through a debris field that contain pieces of warp flotsam that were older than humanity itself ,that dwarfed the monstrous bulk of_ Omnissah's Will _making it look like a mere sliver of Adamantium, fragile even against the backdrop of space. Soon however it cleared the debris field still turning end over end and out of control with the silent scream of a princeps to accompany it.

However on Athena under the dirty glass of the dome it was anything but quiet. The park which had been the only bit of greenery had been transformed not a complete transformation but it had been made into a twisted parody of itself. Flower beds were cheap but pretty flowers had grown thrived for all to enjoy in scent and smell had been dug up and replaced with sandbags with machine guns and haphazard ammunition canisters. The monkey bars at the children's play area which once had children swing from them whooping joy and glee now had the same children hanging from their necks swinging in the slight breeze offered by an air filter. The common where families once had picnics and played various games was now filled with a crowd dressed in ragtag uniforms which had rank pins torn off and civilians dressed in torn and worn clothing. All were holding firearms, shouting at the top of their voices and demanding the blood of various individuals. All facing a hastily erected stage with armed guards on each corner

One of these individuals was hanging on the monkey bars with the children swinging round and round. Another was impaled with make shift spears and hanging from an office block overlooking the park. The last man was in the crowd itself shouting along with the rest of them.

His own uniform was torn enough so he looked like any other member of the crowd and he was trying to shout with the same enthusiasm as the rest of the crowd to keep up the deception but he found it hard to call for his own death, he was just lucky his face was classified. He had been trying to escape the mob but he realised that hiding in plain sight was much better than hiding in some ditch; people looked in ditches but never amongst themselves. Only a few people knew his face now and the majority of them were dead, the rest were off world properly running with tails between their legs. He kept shouting and screaming all the while watching for some sort of opening to escape from but the sheer press of bodies' prevented him from doing so.

All of a sudden however the crowd's chanting picked up in volume and speed and he strained his voice trying to keep up with them, a fifty year old throat trying to keep with younger voices as he screamed with the masses. Soon the crowd started clapping as well as a figure was vomited onto the stage stumbling with the force of the crowd. He looked like he was little more than a boy with stubble on his chin and tears streaming down his face his slender frame covered in the vestiges of a suit. The man recognises him instantly he had been a petty clerk which had worked at his office, a paper pusher nothing more. The boy struggles to his feet before a thrown bottle connects with skull with a crack bringing him to his knees. The crowd laughs.

Now another figure clad in a grey suit climbs onto the stage escorted by the cheering and clapping of the crowd's smiling and waving as if he owned the entire planet. He was Simon Peto the leader which had emerged after the violence against the governor he was a charismatic sixty year old who had been born in Athena and had pushed himself up through the squalor of the poor until he encountered the resistance and began his so called "fight of freedom" against the governor until he became the figure head. His face had crossed the man's desk numerous times throughout his career as he tried to catch him but he always managed to slip through his fingers, looking back he wished he had tried harder.

Simon reached the boy on the stage and with a firm grip on his shoulder stopped him from trying to rise up from his knees and held up a hand for silence. The entire crowd fell silent almost instantly. The only noise the man can hear is the hum of the air recyclers and the sound of his blood pounding through his ears.

"Citizens I have gathered you heard today to speak of an individual" Simon's voice is like crushed velvet and fine cigars as he gestures towards the boy in his grasp. "I speak of course of James Tor." The crowd's reaction is instantaneous booing, hissing and spitting at the very mention of the name. "We all know the man who had been ONI's lapdog during the time which they choked us in our Streets!" The crowd had grown frenzied by now, all had lost a loved one, all felt the anger the name caused

"It was he who gave the order! It was he who killed our families! It was he who caused us all our misery!" Simon paused like some lizard

basking in the sun soaking up the crowd's hate and frustration. "And this man was the last living soul to see him alive!" The boy looked even more like a rabbit in headlights as the crowd focuses the entirety of their attention on to them, tears have formed in the corners of his eyes and he has startled to tremble under the vice like grip of Simon Peto.

"However! This man has refused to tell us where he has hidden in this fair city! He protects the man who caused us so much pain!" The crowd erupts again with cries of outrage and begin to shout abuse at the boy, Simon lets this continue for a couple of seconds before raising his hand and the crowd falls silent. "Today I have brought him here for you to judge him as he prevents us from bringing the man who has caused us so much pain to justice!" Simon is in full swing now with spittle flying from his mouth and his spare arm moving with each syllable. "So what shall it be? Shall we be merciful or shall we kill him for crimes against the city?" He listens to the crowd's response his face giving away nothing but a look of contemplation.

"You have decided!" he roars and with a strength that looked beyond his form he pushed the boy into the crowd. The man was far too back to see what was going on but he didn't need to he could hear the cheers of the crowd, it sounded almost like a football match his father had taken him to when he was younger as the crowd egged each other on jeering and yelling you could most think they were competing in some sort of sport were it not for the high pitched screams. There was a wet, organic ripping sound and the boy's head was thrown and it landed onto the wooden stage with a squelch eyes hanging out of sockets and the mouth open in an permanent scream. Simon scanned the crowd almost as if he was looking for James Tor in amongst the crowd but James Tor had disappeared.

End
file.